

WRONG USES OF MONEY.

A SERMON OF GREAT POWER BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Some of the Ruminations Adopted to Get Rich—Corrupt Politics—Bribery Begins at Home—Abuses of Trust Funds. It Pays to Be Honest.

BROOKLYN, March 10.—At the Tabernacle this morning six thousand voices, supported by organ and cornet, rolled out the hymn beginning:

Never think the victory won, Nor once at ease sit down; Time arduous work will not be done Till thou hast got thy crown.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached the sermon. His subject was, "Wrong Uses of Money," and his text, I Timothy vi, 9: "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

That is the Niagara Falls over which rush a multitude of souls, namely the determination to have money any how, right or wrong. Tell me how a man gets his money and what he does with it, and I will tell his character, and what will be his destiny in this world and the next. I propose to speak this morning about some of the ruinous modes of getting money.

We recently passed through a national election in which it has been estimated that thirty million dollars were expended. I think about twenty million of it were spent in out and out bribery. Both parties raised all they could for this purpose. But that was only on a large scale what has been done on a smaller scale for fifty years and in all departments.

Politics from being the science of good government has often been degraded into the synonym for treachery and turpitude. A monster sin, plausible, potent, pestiferous, has gone forth to do its dreadful work in all ages. Its two hands are rotten with leprosy. It keeps its right hand hidden in a deep pocket. The left hand is clenched, and with its ichorous knuckle it taps at the door of the court room, the legislative hall, the congress and the parliament. The door swings open and the monster enters, and glides through the aisle of the council chamber as softly as a slippered pique, and then it takes its right hand from its deep pocket and offers it in salutation to judge or legislator. If that hand be taken, and the palm of the intruder cross the palm of the official, the leprosy crosses from palm to palm in a round blotch, round as a gold eagle, and the virus spreads, and the doom is fixed, and the victim perishes. Let bribery, accursed of God and man, stand up for trial.

The Bible arraigns it again and again. Samuel says of his two sons who became judges, "The elder took bribes and perverted judgment." David says of some of his pursuers, "Their right hand is full of bribes." Amos says of some men in his day, "They take a bribe and turn aside the poor in the gate." Eliphaz foretells the crushing bolts of God's indignation, declaring, "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery."

It is no light temptation. The mightiest have fallen under it. Sir Francis Bacon, lord chancellor of England, founder of our modern philosophy, author of "Novum Organum" and a whole library of books, the leading thinker of his century, so precocious that when a little child he was asked by Queen Elizabeth, "How old are you?" he responded, "I am two years younger than your majesty's happy reign;" of whose oratory Ben Jonson wrote, "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end," having an income which you would suppose would have put him beyond the temptation of bribery—thirty-six thousand dollars a year, and Twickenham court a gift, and princely estates in Hertfordshire and Dorsetshire—yet under this temptation to bribery falling into ruin, and on his confession of taking bribes, giving as excuse that all his predecessors took them, he was fined two hundred thousand dollars, or what corresponds with our two hundred thousand dollars, and imprisoned in London Tower. So, also, Lord Chancellor Macleod fell; so, also, Lord Chancellor Waterbury perished. The black chaplet in English, Irish, French and American politics is the chapter of bribery. Some of you remember the Pacific Mail subsidies. Most of you remember the awful tragedy of the Credit Mobilier. Under the temptation to bribery Benedict Arnold sold the fort in the Highlands for \$31,575. For this sin Gorgey betrayed Hungary. Althouth forsook David and Judas kissed Christ. When I see so many of the illustrious going down under this temptation it makes me think of the red dragon spoken of in Revelations, with seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns, drawing a third part of the stars of heaven down, down after him. The lobbies of the legislatures of this country control the country. The land is drunk with bribery.

EVERY MAN HAS NOT HIS PRICE. "Oh," says some one, "there's no need of talking against bribery by promise or by dollars, because every man has his price." I do not believe it. Even heathenism and the dark ages have furnished specimens of incorruptibility. A cull of Smyrna had a case brought before him on trial. A man gave him five hundred dracms in bribery. The case came on. The briber had many witnesses. The poor man on the other side had no witnesses. At the close of the case the cull said, "This poor man has no witnesses, he thinks; I shall produce in his behalf five hundred witnesses against the other side." And then pulling out the bag of dracms from under the ottoman, he dashed it down at the feet of the briber, saying, "I give my decision against you." Epaminondas, offered a large bribe, and "I will do this thing if it be right, and if it be wrong, all your goods cannot persuade me." Fabricius of the Roman senate, was offered a bribe by Pyrrhus of Macedonia. Fabricius answered, "What an example this would be to the Roman people; you keep your riches and I will keep my poverty and reputation."

The president of the American congress during the American Revolution, Gen. Reed, was offered 10,000 guineas by foreign commissioners if he would betray this country. He replied, "Gentlemen, I am a very poor man, but tell your king he is not rich enough to buy me." But why go so far when you and I, if we move in honorable society, know men and women who by all the concentrated force of earth and hell could not be bribed. They would no more be bribed than you would think of tempting an angel of light to exchange heaven for the pit. To offer a bribe is villainy; but it is a very poor compliment to the man to whom it is offered.

I have not much faith in those people who go about bragging how much they could give if they would only sell out. Those women who complain that they are very often insulted need to understand that there is something in their carriage to invite insult. There are men at Albany, and at Harrisburg, and at Washington, who would no more be approached by a bribe than a pirate boat with a few cutlasses would dare to attack a British man-of-war with two banks of guns on each side loaded to the touch hole. They are incorruptible men, and they are the few men who are to save the city and save the land. Meanwhile, my advice is to all people to keep

out of politics unless you are invulnerable to this style of temptation. Indeed, if you are naturally strong, you need religious buttressing. Nothing but the grace of God can sustain our public men and make them what we wish. I wish that there might come an old-fashioned revival of religion, that it might break out in congress and in the legislatures and bring many of the leading Republicans and Democrats down on the anxious seat of repentance. That day will come, or something better, for the Bible declares that kings and queens shall become nursing fathers and mothers to the church, and if the greater in authority, then certainly the less.

BRIBERY BEGINS AT HOME. My charge also to parents is, remember that this evil of bribery often begins in the home circle and in the nursery. Do not bribe your children. Teach them to do that which is right, and not because of the ten cents or the orange you will give them. There is a great difference between rewarding virtue and making the profits thereof a ruling motive. That man who is honest merely because "honesty is the best policy," is already a moral bankrupt.

My charge is to you, in all departments of life steer clear of bribery, all of you. Every man and woman at some time will be tempted to do wrong for compensation. The bribe may not be offered in money. It may be offered in social position. Let us remember that there is a day coming when the most secret transaction of private life and of public life will come up for public reprobation. We cannot bribe death, we cannot bribe sickness, we cannot bribe the grave, we cannot bribe the judgments of that God who thunders against this sin.

"Fie!" said Cardinal Beaufort, "fie! can't die be hired? Is money nothing? Must I die so rich? If the owning of the whole realm would save me, I could get it by policy or by purchase—by money." No, death would not be hired then, he will not be hired now. Men of the world often regret that they have to leave their money here when they have to go from the world. You can tell from what they say in their last hours that one of their chief sorrows is that they have to leave their money. I break that delusion. I tell that bribe taker that he will take his money with him. God will wrap it up in your shroud, or put it in the palm of your hand in resurrection, and there it will lie, not the cool, bright, shining gold as it was on the day when you sold your vote and your moral principle, but there it will lie, a hot metal, burning and consuming your hand forever. Or, if there be enough of it for a chain, then it will fall from the wrist clanking the fetters of an eternal captivity. The bribe is an everlasting possession. You take it for time, you take it for eternity. Some day in the next world, when you are longing for sympathy, you will feel on your cheek a kiss. Looking up you will find it to be Judas, who took thirty pieces of silver as a bribe and flung the bargain by putting an infamous kiss on the pure cheek of his divine Master.

Another wrong use of money is seen in the abuse of trust funds. Every man during the course of his life, on a larger or smaller scale, has the property of others committed to his keeping. He is so far a safety deposit, he is an administrator, and holds in his hand the interest of the family of a deceased friend. Or, he is an attorney, and through his custody goes the payment from debtor to creditor, or he is the collector for a business house which compensates him for the responsibility; or he is a treasurer for a charitable institution, and he holds alms contributed for the suffering; or he is an official of the city, or the state or the nation, and taxes, and subsidies, and salaries, and supplies are in his keeping. It is as solemn a trust as God can make it. It is concentrated and multiplied confidences. On that man depends the support of a bereft household, or the morals of a dependent, or the right movement of a thousand wheels of social mechanism. A man may do what he will with his own, but he who abuses trust funds, in that one act, commits theft, falsehood, perjury, and becomes in all the intensity of the word, a miscreant. How many widows and orphans there are with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or held up out of the vortex of destruction simply by the thread of a needle, red with their own hearts' blood, who a little while ago had, by father and husband, left them a competency. What is the matter? The administrators or the executors have sacrificed it—running risks with it that they would not have dared to encounter in their own private affairs. How often it is that a man will earn a livelihood by the sweat of his brow, and then die, and within a few months all the estate goes into the stock gambling rapids of Wall street. How often it is that you have known the man to whom trust funds were committed taking them out of the savings bank and from trust companies, and administrators turning old homesteads into land castles, and then putting the entire estate in the vortex of speculation. Embezzlement is an easy word to pronounce, but it has ten thousand ramifications of horror.

ABUSE OF TRUST FUNDS. There is not a city that has not suffered from the abuse of trust funds. Where is the court house, or the city hall, or the jail, or the postoffice, or the hospital, that in the building of it has not had a political job?

Long before the new court house in New York city was completed it cost over \$12,000,000. Five millions six hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars for furniture. For plastering and repairs, \$2,370,000. For plumbing and gas works, \$1,231,817. For awnings, \$23,553. The bills for three months coming to the nice little sum of \$13,151,198.89. There was not an honest brick, or stone, or lath, or nail, or foot of plumbing, or inch of plastering, or inkstand, or door knob in the whole establishment.

That had example was followed in many of the cities which did not steal quite so much because there was not so much to steal. There ought to be closer inspection and there ought to be less opportunity for embezzlement. Let a man shall take a five cent piece that does not belong to him, the conductor on the city horse car cast sound his bell at every payment, and we are very cautious about small offenses, but give plenty of opportunity for sinners on a large scale to escape. For a boy who steals a loaf of bread from a corner grocery, to keep his mother from starving to death—a prison, but to defrauders who abscond with half a million of dollars—a castle on the Rhine, or, waiting until the offense is forgotten, then a castle on the Hudson.

Another remark needs to be made, and that is that people ought not to go into places, into business, or into positions, where the temptation is mightier than their character. There be large sums of money to be handled and the man is not sure of his own integrity who has no right to run an unscrupulous craft in an excursion. A man can tell by the absence of weakness or strength in the presence of a bad opportunity, whether he is in a safe place. How many parents make an awful mistake when they put their boys in lank houses and stores and shops and factories and places of solemn trust, without once discussing whether they can endure the temptation. You give the boy plenty of money, and have no account of it, and make the way down become very easy, and you may put upon him a pressure that he cannot stand. There are men who go into positions full of temptation, considering only the one fact that they are lucrative positions. I say to the young

people here this morning, dishonesty will not pay in this world or the world to come.

An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground and the owner would not sell it, but the abbot finally consented to let it to him until he could raise one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns, a crop of two hundred years! And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you with a horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for two hundred years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

I stand this morning before many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted; but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be careful, be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate, or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property, they put it into investment and away it all goes and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion and the money market is shaken and the press denounces and the church thunders expulsion. You have no right to use the property of others except for their advantage, nor without consent, unless they are minors. If with their consent you invest their property as well as you can and it all lost you are not to blame; you did the best you could; but do not come into the delusion which has ruined so many men, of thinking because a thing is in their possession, therefore it is theirs. You have a solemn trust that God has given you. In this vast assemblage there may be some who have misappropriated trust funds. Put them back, or, if you have so hopelessly involved them that you cannot put them back, confess the whole thing to those whom you have wronged, and you will sleep better nights, and you will have the better chance for your soul. What a sad thing it would be, if after you are dead your administrator should find out from the account books, or from the lack of vouchers, that you were not only bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul. If all the trust funds that have been misappropriated should suddenly fly to their owners, and all the property that has been pilfered should be sent back to its owners, it would crash into ruin every city in America.

DISHONESTY IS UNPROFITABLE.

A blustering young man arrived at a hotel in the west, and he saw a man on the sidewalk, and in a rough way, as no man has a right to address a laborer, said to him, "Carry this trunk upstairs." The man carried the trunk upstairs and came down, and then the young man gave him a quarter of a dollar which was marked, and instead of being twenty-five cents it was worth only twenty cents. Then the young man gave his card to the laborer, and said: "You take this up to Governor Jones; I want to see him." "Ah," said the laborer, "I am Governor Grimes!" "Oh," said the young man, "you—I—excuse me!" Then the governor said: "I was much impressed by the letter you wrote me asking for a certain office in my gift, and I had made up my mind you should have it; but a young man who will cheat a laborer out of five cents would swindle the government of the state, if he got his hands on it. I don't want you. Good morning, sir." It never pays. Neither in this world nor in the world to come will it pay.

I do not suppose there ever was a better specimen of honesty than was found in the Duke of Wellington. He marched with his army over the French frontier, and the army was suffering, and he hardly knew how to get along. Plenty of plunder all about, but he commanded none of the plunder to be taken. He writes home these remarkable words: "We are overwhelmed with debts, and I can scarcely stir out of my house on account of public creditors, waiting to demand what is due to them." Yet at that very time the French peasantry were bringing their valuables to him to keep. A celebrated writer says of the transaction: "Nothing can be grander or more nobly original than this admission. This old soldier, after thirty years' service, this iron man and victorious general, established in an enemy's country at the head of an immense army, is afraid to take the plunder!" This is a kind of fear that has seldom troubled conquerors and invaders, and I doubt if the annals of war present anything comparable to its sublime simplicity.

Oh! it is not high time that we reached the morals of the Gospel, right beside the faith of the Gospel! Mr. Froude, the celebrated English historian, has written of his own country these remarkable words: "From the great house in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating and shoddy everywhere. And yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference. Many hundreds of sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on bishops and justifications, and the theory of good works and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but, during all these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty."

Now, that may be an exaggerated statement of things in England, but I am very certain that in all parts of the earth we need to preach the moralities of the Gospel right along beside the faith of the Gospel.

My hearer: What are you doing with that fraudulent document in your pocket? My cities which did not steal quite so much because there was not so much to steal. There ought to be closer inspection and there ought to be less opportunity for embezzlement. Let a man shall take a five cent piece that does not belong to him, the conductor on the city horse car cast sound his bell at every payment, and we are very cautious about small offenses, but give plenty of opportunity for sinners on a large scale to escape. For a boy who steals a loaf of bread from a corner grocery, to keep his mother from starving to death—a prison, but to defrauders who abscond with half a million of dollars—a castle on the Rhine, or, waiting until the offense is forgotten, then a castle on the Hudson.

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men, be honest before God, be honest before your fellow men, be honest before your soul. If there be those here who have wandered away, come back, come home, come now, one and all, not one exception in all the assemblage; come into the kingdom of God. Come back on the right track. The door of mercy is open and the infinite heart of God is full of compassion. Come home! Come home! Oh, I would be well satisfied if I could save some young man this morning, some young man that has been going astray and would like to get back. I am glad to see some one set to music that seems in August of 1881, when a young girl saved from death a whole rail train of pas-

sengers. Some of you remember that out west, in that year on a stormy night, a hurricane blew down part of a railroad bridge. A freight train came along and it crashed into the ruin and the engineer and conductor perished. There was a girl living in her father's cabin near the disaster, and she heard the crash of the freight train, and she knew that in a few moments an express train was due. She lighted a lantern and clambered up on the one beam of the wrecked bridge on to the main bridge, which was trestle work, and started to cross amid the thunder and the lightning of the tempest and the raging of the torrent beneath. One mistep and it would have been death. Amid all that horror the lantern went out. Crawling sometimes, and sometimes walking over the slippery rails and over the trestle work, she came to the other side of the river. She wanted to get to the telegraph station where the express train did not stop, so that the danger might be telegraphed to the station where the train was to stop. The train was due in five minutes. She was one mile off from the telegraph station, but, fortunately, the train was late. With cut and bruised feet she flew like the wind. Coming up to the telegraph station, panting with almost deadly exhaustion, she had only strength to shout, "The bridge is down!" when she dropped unconscious and could hardly be resuscitated. The message was sent from that station to the next station and the train halted, and that night that brave girl saved the lives of hundreds of passengers, and saved many homes from desolation.

But every street is a track, and every style of business is a track, and every day is a track, and every night is a track, and multitudes under the power of temptation come sweeping on and sweeping down toward perils and torments. God help us to go out and stop the train. Let us throw some signal. Let us give some warning. By the throne of God let us flash some influence to stop the downward progress. Beware! Beware! The bridge is down, the chasm is deep and the lightnings of God set all the night of sin on fire with this warning: "He, that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

In an Egg Shell. "When you boil eggs, don't boil them." So says Dr. Pohlman, the Buffalo chemist. In a recent lecture he said, to be digestible, eggs shouldn't reach a higher temperature than 100 degs., but they should be placed in water from 140 to 180 degs., and allowed to cook on the back of the stove. Then the various methods of cooking meats were taken up and explanations given for putting soup meat into cold water, putting roasts into a hot oven, and broiling steak directly over a hot fire, which are now commonly accepted as the proper method of preparing the different meats.

Dr. Pohlman said the object of preparing food was not to preserve the nutriment so much as it was to prepare it for easy digestion. "A pound of hard wood contains precisely as much nutriment as a pound of flour, but I would rather be excused from eating it," said he.

A word was said against mothers who torture infants by their continual cry of "eat slowly," "chew it fine." The lecturer said he believed in the natural processes of mastication, and that when a child felt like swallowing his food in clumps he ought to be allowed to do so. "This pampering to old ideas, the fallacy of which has long been shown, is nonsense," said the doctor. "When we think that the stomach is the only organ in the body over which man has control, and when we think that the stomach, nine cases out of ten, is the root of all the modern diseases, it doesn't speak very high for the intelligence of man. Give me clumps if they want clumps, salt if they want salt, vinegar if they want vinegar, they won't want what they don't need." Dr. Pohlman said that a life long experience with boarding house cooks had led him to infer that those individuals know little about the chemistry of cooking. —New York Star.

The Crown Plate of England.

Victoria's celebrated Sevres dessert service is kept in the green drawing room at Windsor castle, Mr. Gode, of South Audley street, who is a most eminent expert in such matters, informs me, says The London Truth, that no fewer than twenty-eight pieces of the service were lost or stolen during the reign of George IV, when it was in daily use at Carlton house for his majesty's private table. Mr. Gode, during the last fifteen years, has managed to buy back nineteen of these pieces, which are identical in every respect with those in the cabinets in the green drawing room. Mr. Gode values the service (which belongs to the crown)—i. e., it is not the private property of the queen (at fully \$100,000, and one piece alone (the famous punch bowl), was valued a few years ago by a well known auctioneer at \$20,000; while Mr. Gode himself vainly offered \$500 to the present owner of one of the missing plates.

The late Lord Dudley's superb vase, which was bought by Mr. Gode at the sale of his china, originally belonged to this service, and had probably been removed from Windsor castle at the time of the confusion which prevailed there during the last months of the life of George IV, when, as one of the pages told Mr. Charles Groville, "loaded wagons were sent away nearly every night." I understand that Mr. Gode offered the piece which he had recovered to the queen, in order that the Windsor service might be completed, but presumably her majesty did not care to expend \$10,000 in making a present of china to the crown.

Horses and Electric Cars.

An interesting point in connection with the first running of electric cars on the Fourth avenue line was the effect that the appearance of the cars had on horses. A New York horse is accustomed to sights and sounds that would turn a country horse's mane and tail white in a single night, but even the superior metropolitan beast has no love for entirely new and unexplained phenomena. It was noticed, however, that horses attached to ordinary carts and carriages, while they took a deep interest in electric cars, showed a little fear of them, but horses attached to other street cars, when they first saw the new machines became almost unmanageable from terror. No satisfactory reason could be given for this state of things, especially as street-car horses have generally been noted more for strict sobriety and attention to duty than for any undue interest in outside matters. The only plausible explanation that has been offered is that these horses may regard the electric cars as "scabs," and see in them a danger of the loss of their occupation. —New York Tribune.

Relative Use of Languages.

Professor Kirchhoff, of Halle, a well known philologist, has been studying the relative use of languages, with some interesting results. He finds that the language that has been most spoken on the globe for the last thousand years is the Chinese, which is spoken by at least 400,000,000 people. Next comes the Hindustani, which is the language of over 100,000,000. Then he places the English next, with about 100,000,000, though this is evidently a mistake, as the real number is far in excess of third. Russian follows with 70,000,000, then German, with 57,000,000, and Spanish, with 47,000,000.—San Francisco Chronicle.



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